

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,  
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Conifer.*



A SEASIDE STROLL.

## NINE-TENTHS OF THE LAW

CHAPTER XL.—A CHANGE OF WIND.

Journies end in lovers' meeting,  
Every wise man's son doth know.

—*Shakespeare.*

IT was true that steps had been taken which would render it difficult for Mr. Neville-Thornton to dispose of any part of the property which he had in possession. Arthur Neville had written to his brother

signifying his intention of proving his uncle's will, or at least bringing to a decision the question whether it could be "proved" or not. He would have done so at an earlier date if Mr. Brownlow had not dissuaded him. Now, on the contrary, he was instigated by that gentleman to take the necessary legal proceedings. There had been consultations with Mr. Fellowes at Nobottle, and consultations with the lawyers in London. The question had once more been well weighed. The weighing had cost money,

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and it was doubtful after all which way the balance would fall. It could not be said that the prospect was much brighter than before. No new circumstances had transpired, but the very fact of stirring in the matter might be the means of eliciting evidence by attracting attention to the case. There was a good deal to be said in favour of going on, all the lawyers agreed; and if the attempt was to be made at all, now was the time to make it.

And to that decision they had come. Arthur Neville had put in his claim to the property under a document alleged to be the last will and testament of his late uncle, and, whatever the ultimate consequences might be, the present effect of the proceedings was to stop the intended sale. No one would bid for property while the vendor's title to it was open to dispute. The advertisements were discontinued, and Mr. Neville-Thornton, instead of finding himself in possession of the ready cash for which he grew every day more impatient, would now have to defend an action, and to provide money for legal expenses.

Meantime, Mr. Chamberlain had been getting on with his accounts. The more he thought of the squire's behaviour to him the more he resolved to demand an explanation, and to secure himself from such unwarrantable language in future. He had been sitting up late and rising early, and bestowing every spare moment upon his books, ever since that day when Mr. Neville-Thornton had insulted him by suggesting that he was making a purse for himself at the expense of his master. He had not yet made up his mind (or thought he had not) whether to throw up his engagement or not. It must depend upon the squire's behaviour. He was not to be cajoled with smooth words or hand-shaking. Mr. Thornton must look into the accounts, and, after a full investigation, apologise for his suspicions and declare himself satisfied. After what had taken place, the steward felt that a deliberate acknowledgment of past services and a profession of confidence for the future was due to him, and he did not intend to be satisfied with anything short of it. Perhaps if he had not been pretty sure of obtaining what he wanted he might have been less exacting. He hoped and expected that the squire would knock under, as he had already done, and that he should be able to retain not only his office, which was of consequence to him, but also his self-respect. He did not like the idea of leaving the Grange or giving up his stewardship. He had nothing better in view, and might have a difficulty in meeting with anything else so good.

The squire had been in London, but had written frequently to Mr. Chamberlain, urging him to get on with the survey and other preliminaries for the sale, and to send him a little cash for present use; and Mr. Chamberlain had replied to his letters in a formal manner, answering his questions as briefly as was consistent with civility, and yielding to his wishes as far as he conveniently could, but without any show of cordiality. He intended presently to lay his books before the squire and demand an investigation of them, and an absolute acquittal of the charge insinuated against him; and till that was done he was the squire's agent and man of business, but not his friend.

Having taken up this high ground, and held it for some time with, as it appeared, Mr. Neville-Thornton's acquiescence, he was not a little surprised and disconcerted when that gentleman, having unex-

pectedly returned to Thickthorn, entered his room one day with more than his usual brusqueness of manner, and, without wishing him good morning or offering to shake hands with him, began at once, "How's this, Mr. Chamberlain? My solicitors say there is to be no sale."

"No, Mr. Neville-Thornton; we could not sell at present. It will have to be postponed until your brother's claim has been disposed of in some way or other."

"But I can't wait."

"I am sorry."

"That won't help me. Why did you advise a sale if it could not be carried out?"

"I did not anticipate this difficulty."

"It's your advertisement that has done it; the sale ought to have been conducted privately, not by public auction. You need not have called the attention of the whole country to it; that's not the way to do business."

Mr. Chamberlain lost his temper, and said again that he would not submit to such treatment; he would throw up his stewardship. Mr. Thornton, instead of being alarmed at his threats and humbling himself as before, retorted that he could very well dispense with his services. He had not succeeded in finding him the money he wanted, and now it might probably turn out that no steward would be required, as there might be no estate to manage. They parted in mutual anger, and Mr. Chamberlain began to understand when the squire was gone that there was really a breach between them, and one which would not be healed. He went out for a walk to think the matter over, and resolved at once to look out for another appointment. That was the only thing to be done now. Yes, there was one other thing that he could do: he could write to his wife at Brighton and tell her all that had passed; it was right that she should know how this man, of whose politeness to herself and her daughter she was continually prating, had behaved. It was her extravagant outlay upon the Grange that had first excited his anger. Mr. Chamberlain had not failed to tell her of the squire's first outbreak, and that her extravagance had been the cause of it. Now she must hear the climax. Mr. Chamberlain did not wish to lose a post in writing to her. "Ill news," it is said, "travels quickly," but the ordinary post seemed hardly quick enough for such a communication as this. He felt half inclined to send her a curt telegram. At all events, he would not lose an hour in writing to her.

"We shall have to leave the Grange," he began, "turned out of it as a consequence of your—" when he had written so far he stopped: the idea flashed across his mind then for the first time that a just act of retribution had overtaken him. Turned out? Yes, that was what it had come to! John Brownlow would hear of it; John Brownlow whom he had treated so unkindly, and who had been to him so kind. All the neighbourhood would hear of it, would rejoice at his disgrace, and say that it served him right. Turned out! Yes; and at short notice, too, for he was not exactly in the position of a tenant paying rent; the squire might order him forth whenever he liked almost. And he had nowhere to go to. The initials upon the wall stood forth now with provoking distinctness; at other times they were scarcely observable in the running pattern with which they were intertwined, but now they were a veritable handwriting upon the wall, mocking him and reminding

him that very soon they would be the only memorial of himself under that roof.

Turned out! The house wanted for some one else to live in! What better fate could he have expected? What better destiny had he deserved? After all, it was not so bad as it might have been. He did not care much for the house, himself. He had had very little peace there, and much anxiety and self-reproach. He was thankful that Eva was gone away from it, and was safe. He had been anxious about her, dreading her return; and the foolish refrain of the dog and sparrow story, "Not wretch enough yet," had begun again to haunt him whenever the thought that she would soon be coming home crossed his mind. Under present circumstances it would hardly be necessary for her to return at all. It was a relief to him to think that, though he had nowhere else to take her to.

He wrote to Mrs. Chamberlain that night, and told her what had occurred, making no reproaches, but advising her to remain where she was for the present. He would come and see her soon, he said, or write again and tell her how things were going on, and what it would be best to do.

Mrs. Chamberlain had already been at Brighton much longer than she had at first thought of staying. Eva was well again, and getting strong; but it was pleasant at the seaside, and things were in a very unsettled state at home, so she had lingered on, week after week, waiting for the word of recall from Mr. Chamberlain.

Michael Brownlow kept his sister informed of all that was passing. He wrote almost daily, and always asked for a reply by next post, though there was generally nothing to reply to, except perhaps a question about her health and Eva's. From him they heard of the intended sale, and, in due time, of the movement, on Arthur's part, to stop it and assert his claim. Lizzie Brownlow usually handed Michael's letters over to Eva, who took a lively interest in them, and sometimes, strange to say, forgot to return them. One or two of his letters Lizzie suppressed, delivering the customary message to Eva by word of mouth instead of handing it over to be read; and that gave rise to a good deal of amusement and banter. But as Eva always maintained that she did not want to see the letters, and Lizzie gravely asserted that she could not possibly allow them to be seen, there was really nothing whatever to dispute about on either side. A usual topic in every letter was Eva's horse, Sultan, which Michael had taken under his especial care, and of which he was always able to give a good report: he was in splendid condition, but a little out of spirits, and fretting for his mistress's return, which was not at all to be wondered at.

Eva, for her part, received occasional letters from her father, and did not fail to acquaint her friend with their contents, especially when Arthur Neville's name was mentioned. But Lizzie, strange to say, never seemed surprised at anything she heard; and it might almost have been supposed that she received news on that subject from another correspondent, which might account for a certain anxiety and excitement which came upon her as often as a postman's knock was heard in the street where they were lodging.

Michael and Arthur Neville had been in London together to see their lawyer. They had been detained there some days; but there was nothing further to be done at present, and they took it into their heads to run down to Brighton to see how the ladies

were getting on. It was a sudden idea, they both said, though, from their unanimity on the subject when broached, they might have been thinking of it all the previous week. Neither of them were quite sure which of the two had originated the proposal; but each alike knew when the next train started, and they were ready for it, though they had only a few minutes in which to prepare.

Mrs. Chamberlain was not very well that day, so, as the afternoon was fine, Eva and Lizzie went for a drive without her, hiring a carriage from the stand with a steady man who had often driven them before. They had not got out of the town when, suddenly, Arthur Neville and Michael Brownlow appeared, turning the corner of a street. Lizzie was delighted to see her brother; though neither she nor Eva were so much surprised as might have been expected. The same unanimity of ideas seemed to have prevailed with them also. The young men stood by the side of the carriage talking for some time, and then some one proposed that they should occupy the vacant seats; they did so without any reluctance, and told the driver to go on.

A few minutes later they met Spilby, who had been shopping. Spilby was so surprised that she could only stand still and look at them till they were out of sight; then she turned sharply, and walking much faster than her usual pace, hastened to inform her mistress of the amazing spectacle which had arrested her attention.

"Oh, ma'am," she exclaimed, "such a strange thing has happened. You wouldn't believe your own eyes!"

"I wish you would not be so precipitate, Spilby," said her mistress. "You quite forget my poor nerves. What is it?"

"Why, ma'am, Mr. Brownlow—Mr. Michael—"

"Well, what about him?"

"He's here, ma'am; I saw him myself; and what's more, he's gone off in a carriage with Miss Eva, driving as fast as ever they could."

"Michael Brownlow!" cried the good lady, rising quickly from her couch—"gone away with Eva! Where? When?"

"I can't tell where, ma'am, I'm sure, ma'am. I am quite afraid to think."

"Nonsense! you must be mistaken. Eva is gone for a drive with Lizzie Brownlow."

"Yes, ma'am; Miss Brownlow was with them and another gentleman; I think it was Mr. Neville."

"Neville-Thornton, do you mean—the squire?"

"No, ma'am; Mr. Arthur."

"Which way did they go?" Mrs. Chamberlain asked, looking anxiously from the window. "Why did you not stop them?"

"Me stop them, ma'am! If you had only seen what a pace they went you wouldn't ask it. I might have run myself to a skeleton before I could have overtaken them. You couldn't have stopped them yourself, ma'am."

Mrs. Chamberlain, though alarmed at first by her maid's sensational description, recovered her self-possession, if not her calmness, after a few minutes. Of course her daughter and Lizzie would return presently, but it was a subject of no little annoyance to her that the young people should have gone off by themselves in this manner. Their meeting might have been pre-arranged, but more probably it was accidental. Still it was vexatious that Michael should have followed her daughter to Brighton.

Mrs. Chamberlain bethought her of the letters which Lizzie Brownlow received so constantly from her brother and never showed to her; it could hardly have been expected that she should show them, but Mrs. Chamberlain did not doubt that they were full of treachery. Mrs. Chamberlain vented her indignation against Spilby for not having taken more decided measures for stopping, or at least following, the carriage, and having exhausted herself and her vocabulary of reproach, sat down by the window to watch for her truants. She pictured to herself Michael and Eva sitting side by side in the carriage and Arthur and Lizzie opposite to them. The latter couple would of course be so much occupied with their own affairs that Michael might carry on his flirtation, as she chose to call it, with her daughter unrestrained. It was an exasperating thought, especially as she felt so utterly helpless. She did not know where they were gone or when they would return. If they had driven along the road at the top of the cliffs, which was not unlikely, they might go on no one could say how far. They would forget to tell the driver to turn; they would forget the hour, forget tea-time, forget everything. The *tête-à-tête* would be prolonged indefinitely.

"What is to be done?" Mrs. Chamberlain exclaimed, after fretting and fuming for half an hour. "How long is this to continue, I wonder?"

She addressed herself to Spilby for want of some one else to talk to.

"If I was you, ma'am," said the maid, "I should send a man on horseback after them—the fastest horse that could be found—a racehorse, if there was one to be had in Brighton."

"That would be a pretty exposure! Send a man, indeed! a policeman, I suppose, you mean?"

"You wouldn't like to ride after them yourself, ma'am, I dare say?"

"Ride like a postboy? You need not be impatient, Spilby."

"I didn't mean on a racehorse, ma'am, but in a carriage."

"I can't sit here for ever," Mrs. Chamberlain said, after another quarter of an hour had elapsed. "I must do something. Go and call a fly, and come with me. We must drive along the road to meet them, I suppose."

Spilby did as she was desired, and after a careful inspection of the horses on the stand with a view to the fleetest, chose a tall animal with thick legs and large hoofs as the most promising, and had him brought to the door, without observing that the vehicle to which he belonged was also one of the largest, and, in fact, almost as heavy and cumbersome as a bathing-machine.

It did not signify much. The drive helped to allay Mrs. Chamberlain's fidgets for the time, and they trotted slowly along for a mile or two. Then Mrs. Chamberlain began to think that they had, perhaps, missed the fugitives, and pictured to herself Eva and Michael sitting side by side on the drawing-room sofa at her lodgings.

"What shall I do?" she said again. "I wish you had not come with me, Spilby. You ought to have remained at home, in case they should return."

Spilby thought she ought to have been in two places at once, which would be impossible, unless—as an Irishman is said to have remarked, unless she were a bird. But she saw that her mistress was in a flurry; and while she felt a certain kind of pleasure

and excitement in witnessing her distress, refrained from saying anything to aggravate it.

Mrs. Chamberlain had met the postman at the door as she was leaving the house, and he had given her a letter. She had just glanced at it, and, seeing her husband's handwriting, had thrust it into her pocket, being too much excited at the time to read it. She had afterwards forgotten it, and it was only by accident that she drew it forth. She did not expect to find it very interesting, but after she had broken the seal her attention was soon fully engaged. It told her of Mr. Chamberlain's rupture with the squire, and that they would have to leave the Grange; where they were to go to next he did not know.

This was another shock for Mrs. Chamberlain. She knew too well that for her husband to give up his stewardship was to give up the chief source of his income. That in itself was very serious. She would have to reduce her establishment, and, in fact, there was no knowing yet to what straight they might be brought. Spilby must be parted with, of course; Mr. Chamberlain had made some allusion to that in his letter. He was anxious to see the last of her; and even Mrs. Chamberlain did not think that the loss of her maid would trouble her seriously. Except for appearances, Spilby had not been of much use to her. She was very exacting, and objected to do anything which she considered menial. Mrs. Chamberlain began to wish that Spilby were gone already. It would be so unpleasant to have to make explanations. Of course Spilby would soon find out that she could not afford to keep a maid, and would give herself airs accordingly. Mrs. Chamberlain would have liked to have stopped the carriage and dropped her maid there and then by the roadside, never to see her more. If only some one had run away with Spilby instead of with her daughter, how much more convenient it would have been!

These and other thoughts suggested by Mr. Chamberlain's letter engrossed her attention so entirely that she almost forgot the object of her expedition; and the fly kept on crawling along the road above the cliffs as if without any definite intention or purpose.

After all, she said to herself, it might not be desirable to interfere with Eva's choice of a husband, if indeed she and Michael were really attached to each other. Squire Neville-Thornton was out of the question now, of course. He had never even asked after Eva; he had been very unsympathising; and had now quarrelled with her husband. There was an end of everything between them, or rather of her hopes concerning them. It was doubtful, too, whether the squire would be worth having, even if he might have been had. If the estate should be taken from him and given to his brother, Henry Neville-Thornton, though the name sounded well, would be anything but a desirable *parti*. On the other hand, Michael Brownlow would be very fairly off for a man in his position. His father had saved money, and if Arthur Neville, who was to marry his sister Lizzie, as everybody knew by this time, should succeed to Thickthorn, an alliance with the squire's brother-in-law would be well worth seeking. In that case nothing was more likely than that Michael would have the stewardship which it was known he had once applied for, and he and Eva would live at the Grange. It was for Eva's sake, Mrs. Chamberlain said to herself, only for Eva's sake, that she had desired to have that house. Eva was in a fair way to have it after all, and by a combination of circumstances which would render her

tenure of it far more secure, and her position in it far more distinguished, than Mrs. Chamberlain's had ever been. For Eva's sake, then, she came to the conclusion that it would be as well not to interfere with the young people. They knew their own business best; and if they had made up their minds to like each other it would be in vain to oppose them.

She was interrupted in her reflection by an exclamation from Spilby.

"There they are, ma'am; two of them, at all events. The others are not far off, I dare say."

Mrs. Chamberlain turned her eyes in the direction indicated, and saw two youthful forms in which she recognised Lizzie Brownlow and Arthur Neville, picking their way slowly and carefully over the rocks near the margin of the sea.

"Shall I call out to them?" said Spilby, eagerly. "Shall I go down and fetch them up?"

"No," cried her mistress, with difficulty preventing her as she was beginning to scream out. "No, don't make such a frightful noise, pray. I wish you would not be so forward."

"Forward! I thought you wanted to know where Miss Eva was, and they could tell you. Of course she is gone on somewhere with Mr. Michael. Why, if there she isn't!"

Eva was now discovered sitting on a green bank by the roadside, with Michael very near her.

"We have caught them, nicely," said Spilby; "and there's the carriage waiting for them a little farther on."

"I am satisfied now," said Mrs. Chamberlain. "I only wanted to know what had become of them."

"See how they are putting their heads together," Spilby went on; "making their plans, no doubt."

"Don't impute motives, Spilby," said her mistress. "Now I know that they are safe I shall turn and drive home. I don't think they have seen us. They can follow at their leisure. Don't let me have any insinuations. Mr. Brownlow, I see, has placed a shawl for Eva to sit upon; very proper and considerate. He will not let her sit there too long if the ground is damp. You can turn, driver, and go home."

Spilby perceived that the wind had changed. She was not unaccustomed to her mistress's varieties of mood, but she was never more astonished in her life than at that moment. "There must be some wonderful news in that letter," she said to herself. "Mr. Michael must have come in for a fortune or something. Perhaps it has been found out after all that Thickthorn was left to him!"

The young people themselves were scarcely less surprised when, on arriving at Mrs. Chamberlain's lodgings half an hour after that lady's return to them, they met with a cordial reception. They were invited to spend the evening there, and to come again next day; in short, they had full liberty to visit the young ladies, and to walk about with them, unaccompanied by Mrs. Chamberlain, who, though she went out with them, was soon distanced; and it need not be told that they availed themselves of the permission freely.

## SCOTTISH CHARACTERISTICS.

V.—"THE SCOT ABROAD."

WE appropriate the title given by the historian of Scotland, Mr. John Burton, to his two pleasant volumes. It is very descriptive, and suggestive of a remarkable trait of Scotch character. Mr. Burton devotes his work very much to the great relations of Scotland with France in the time of the French League with Scotland, and in those days when the old Scots Guard of France was as famous as the unfortunate Swiss Guard of recent and unhappy times. But this is only a hint of what the Scot has been ever since. With considerable pride and real humour a Scotchman said to us once, "We're just the greatest vagabonds on the face of the earth;" and so, if the vagabond be a wanderer, as the term literally and etymologically implies, just as Abraham, Jacob, Joseph, and Moses were vagabonds, "strangers and pilgrims on the earth," to the same illustrious order the Scot in all ages has belonged. He has furnished the world, in recent times, with its most illustrious travellers, and, especially in the department of African travel. Livingstone, although the incomparable chief, had many distinguished predecessors from his own country, notably Mungo Park, Hugh Clapperton, James Bruce, Ledyard, Leyden, and many others; and the Scot has supplied, perhaps, not only the most enterprising but the most successful emigrants. The Scot has not merely left his mountains, lochs, and moors for

the great cities of England. The same spirit which makes him so important an element in the commercial life of London, Manchester, and other great cities, has pushed him out to the most important commercial seats in far distant quarters of the globe as engineer, trader, and inventor.

The Scot is one of the most ubiquitous of all travellers. Referring to this, an ill-natured old proverbial riddle asks, "Which is the finest view in all Scotland?" The reply being, "The road which leads out of it, or the road which leads to England." If this be so, at any rate England and the world have gained by the spirit which has impelled the Scot to wander. In a quiet, irresistible sort of a way, he is taking possession of the world, and especially the world opened up by the arms and discoveries of Great Britain. Its markets, its literature, its poetry, its manufactories, its steamboats and its trains, its foreign depôts, Singapore, Shanghai, Hong-Kong, Calcutta, or Melbourne, all proclaim the Scot is Abroad. The people proverbially considered the most cautious are, perhaps, the most adventurous, the most speculative and daring, not to say rash, on the face of the earth, and their power is now, where it has ever been, not so much in their prudence, or their principles, nor in their so often boasted love of liberty, which really has often looked very mythical, and faded away into a true Celtic worship of that which is strongest, but in a certain

strong, shrewd perception, sustained by physical daring and physical endurance, a firm educational faculty at home resulting in a strangely uniform success abroad.

Scotland herself is now becoming thickly peopled, and the motives which once drove the Scot into foreign armies and far away cities do not operate quite to the same extent now. It is wonderful, and almost inexplicable, that while Ireland, with so much more of the material means of prosperity at her command, has added little to the world's stock and store, and is still loudly clamouring about Home Rule, every Scotchman would, probably, gratefully acknowledge that the moment which put an end to the mere political independence of Scotland put an end also to its poverty, increased its pride, and lifted it from the condition of a little insignificant principality, to become one of the mightiest elements in the political and commercial administration of Great Britain.

The Scot is a keen trader. An old woman was heard in consultation with her son, who was about to embark to Australia from the Land o' Cakes, but who loudly grumbled at the idea of going to a country where he heard there was nothing to trade with but kangaroos. "Weel," said the old woman, in a consolatory tone, "and is not a kangaroo's money as good as anybody else's?" It is true that this restless spirit leaves many a neighbourhood silent, solitary, and deserted; many a grand old feudal castle in the far north is little more than a mere shooting-box, and still, in such old neighbourhoods, there are some tenacious old souls who cling to the old scenes, and drink the Highland toast of old times, "Here's our native country, and may those who don't like it leave it!" But, in most instances, those who have left it did not depart from any ungrateful sense of dislike. Usually the absence of all the means and hopes of life drove them away, and, like Richie Moniplies, they find the means and magnificence of their country to increase in proportion to their distance from it.

Sweden has, amongst her other romances and legends, many of "the Scot Abroad." It is with reference to the Scotch descent upon Uick that, at midnight, when the storm rages, the Ballar peasant listens and cries, "Hark! 'tis the war cry of the Scots, and the clash of their weapons from the battlefield." The story of that immense villain, Bothwell, "the wicked earl," is as full of romantic incident and interest in Sweden as in Scotland. He was imprisoned, died, and was buried at Malmohus in Sweden, and he is said there to have made a confession quite exonerating Queen Mary from the murder of Darnley. We find the Scot Abroad in Sweden and at Stockholm in the last years of the reign of Gustavus Vasa; indeed, it is said, and is no doubt true, that, in the Swedish Riddarhus, near two hundred of our Scotch cousins hang enrolled among the noblest of the country. We seem to be quite at home in Sweden, among the Stuarts and Ruthvens, the Mornays, Balfours, and Neaves. The Scots were often ennobled, and often also treated in a scurvy manner. Thus, in 1565, we read how, on a Scot soliciting the release of one Anders Ansteot, unjustly suspected as a spy, and imprisoned at Stockholm, King Erik writes to his secretary: "Accuse Anders at once of treachery and breaking the trust confided in him, and cause him immediately to be executed. The other Scotchman will come

with a paper in which his Majesty orders Anders shall be pardoned. This reprieve must not be delivered until the sentence is already executed. When he arrives you must pretend to think it a great pity, and blame the man for not having made more haste on the way!" Not to mention the valorous deeds of the "Green Brigade in Sweden," we find the Scot Abroad with Gustavus Adolphus, in Germany, fighting with the great champion of the Reformation, and for their services upwards of two hundred received patents of nobility, while those who could prove themselves of baronial lineage, although only of collateral descent, were granted the same rank in Sweden, with counties, baronies, and lands to support the dignity of the newly-erected fief. We know not where in English literature we could find a more curious chapter illustrative of the Scot Abroad than the forty pages of Horace Marryat's Appendix to his "One Year in Sweden." When we remember how delightfully the great northern wizard called up the memories of the persons of the old Scots Guard in France, in the pages of "Quentin Durward," we can but wish that the same enchantingly descriptive and dramatic pen had dealt with persons and scenes which seem to us even more romantic in the story of the Scotch Abroad in Stockholm and Sweden, Copenhagen and Denmark.

One of the most entertaining novels of John Galt is "Laurie Todd." It is the story of a Scotsman who emigrated to America, and, by a combination of thrift, prudence, and sagacity, succeeded in life. But, in fact, it is known well that the genius of the storyteller only wove together the real facts in the life of Grant Thorburn, from Dalkeith, who from humble beginnings became a successful man in New York. "A slikie auld Scotchman" described him very well, when he said to him, "Ye're an auld farrant chap [Thorburn was but a lad then], an' nae doobt but ye'll do very weel in their country." Grant Thorburn's life well illustrates the Scotsman who carries the religious sentiments and convictions of his early training with him. But when we think of the "Scot Abroad" we come up against some of the most illustrious names in history. Especially we have that name, so long Scotland's highest boast, John Knox, who was a Scot Abroad, working for nineteen months as a prisoner in the French galleys, passing there through that dreadful ordeal which was to fit him for that great reforming work in Scotland—that "Scottish Puritanism which," says Thomas Carlyle, "well considered, seems to me distinctly the noblest and completest form that the grand sixteenth century Reformation anywhere assumed." And of quite another order was Marshal Keith, the right-hand man of Frederick the Great, and Patrick Gordon, whose life of adventure at last landed him in the service of Peter the Great. Whatever may be the cause, through all ages, near or far remote, the Scots appear ever as the most restless of mortals; and even of those whose names are intimately associated with their own country it may be said they won their spurs abroad.

It is a Scotch proverb that "A Scotsman, a crow, and a Newcastle grindstone travel a' the world over." The Scotch, very singularly, are far less insular than the English; it is said they differ less from the general type of Europeans; they adapt themselves more to the habits and modes of thought of other nations; it is said, and that on the Continent, they mark themselves far less strongly, and conform to foreign ways more easily and naturally than the English. It is far

more usual to meet with a continentalised Scotchman than a continentalised Englishman. As we have already said and shown, the connection of Scotland and France has been much more close, and the influence much more abiding, than between France and England. Thus in Scotland, as in France, in the designation of functionaries and officials they have advocates, procurators, provosts and bailies, etc., corresponding to the barristers and solicitors, the mayors and the aldermen, of England. Old Osborne said, ages since, "The Scot, like the poor Swiss, finds a more commodious abiding under every climate than at home, which, as it makes the Swiss to venture their lives in the quarrel of any prince for money, so this northern people are known to do; or turn pedlars, being become so cunning through necessity that they ruin all about them. Manifest in Ireland, where they usually say none of any other country can prosper that comes to live within the kenning of a Scot." This testimony, although neither courteous nor kind, is curious for its age, while it has a large measure of substantial truth. A story appeared in a well-known serial, some several years since, describing the disappointment of an Englishman who went out to the East as an interpreter, and whose ruling passion was a hatred of everything Scotch; but strolling through the camp with a Turkish officer, and abusing the Scotch to his heart's content, to his astonishment Hassan Bey, the Turk, broke out, "I'll tell ye whaat, ma mon, gin ye daur lowse yere tongue upon my country like tha'at, I'll gie ye a clood on the lug that'll mak' it tingle fra this till Hallowe'en!" The thunderstruck Englishman stammered out, "Why, my good man, I thought you were a Turk!" "And sae I am a Turk the noo, ma braw chiel," said the angry Glasgow Mussulman, "but my faither's auld leather breeks ne'er travelled farther than just fra Glasgow to Greenock and back again; but when I gang hame—as I'll do or it's lang, if it be God's will—I'll just be Wully Forbes, son o' auld Daddy Forbes, o' the Gorbals, for a' that's come and gane!" Presently a splendidly-dressed Hungarian came up and said to the Turk, "Wully, mon, there's a truce the noo for twa hours; just come wi' me and we'll hae a glass o' whusky thegither." It was the same with a Russian officer, until the Englishman exclaimed, "Bless my heart! is everybody on earth a Scotchman? Perhaps I'm one myself without knowing it!" But when the Russian general Tarassoff exclaimed, "Eh, Donald Cawmell! are ye here?" and Ibrahim Pasha burst forth, simultaneously, "What, Sandy Robertson! can this be you?" the Englishman burst forth, "It's all over! Turks, Russians, Hungarians, English—all Scotchmen! It's more than I can bear! I shall go home; there's nothing left for me to do here. I came out as an interpreter, but if all the nations of Europe talk nothing but Scotch, what use can I be?" This seems very droll, but it is not more droll than real.

We believe it is Sir Archibald Alison who mentions how, when Marshal Keith was combating the Turkish forces under the Grand Vizier, the two generals came to a conference with each other; the Grand Vizier came mounted on a camel, in all the pomp of Eastern magnificence; the Scotch Marshal Keith, who originally came from the neighbourhood of Turiff, in Aberdeenshire, approached on horseback. After the conference the Turkish Grand Vizier said to Keith that he would like to speak a few words in private to him, in his tent, and begged that no one should

accompany him; Marshal Keith accordingly went in, and the moment they conferred, the Grand Vizier threw off his turban, tore off his beard, and running to Marshal Keith, said, "Oh, Johnnie, foo's a' wi' ye man?" and he then discovered that the Grand Vizier of Turkey was a schoolfellow of his own who had disappeared about thirty years before from a parish school near Methlie. And we remember to have met with an anecdote of a Scotchman from Perth, who had penetrated into some far interior of Asia—we forget where; he had to see the Pasha, or Bashaw. He was introduced to the comely man in his tent. They gathered up their knees, and sat down upon their carpets. They drank their strong coffee, and smoked their hookahs together in solemn silence; few words, at any rate, passed between them, but, we may trust, sufficient for the occasion; but when the man of Perth was about to leave, the Pasha also arose, and, following him outside the tent, said, in good strong Doric Scotch, "I kened ye vera well in Perth; ye are just sae and sae." The Perth man was astonished, as well he might be, until the Pasha explained, as he said, "I'm just a Perth man mysel'!" He had travelled, and he had become of importance to the government there. His story was not very creditable. In the expectation of the post he filled he had become a Mohammedan. But he was an illustration of the ubiquity of his race, and of the Scot Abroad.

But the heroes of the Indian service illustrate the outward-bound character of the Scot, and the ease with which he not only finds a home for himself on every soil, but the energy and strength of mind he brings to bear to make his home useful to himself and to others. Some of the most eminent and brilliant names in the rise and development of our Indian empire are those of Scotsmen, from the highest names to the rank of lowliest service.

And not in India alone, but all the world over, energy has passed from the fields of the Lothians and the bleak moors of the north to create generals like Baird, Moore, Abercrombie, Graham, Campbell, Gordon, who have raised the renown and glory of the empire, and judges like Erskine, Wedderburn, Murray, Campbell, and Brougham, who must all be spoken of as Scots Abroad.

### Good-Bye.



GOOD-BYE! 'tis often heard,  
And yet how hard to say it!  
O think what bitter sighs have stirred  
Lips that reluctant framed the word,  
And how will love delay it.

Good-bye! this life of ours  
Hath never bliss unbroken;  
A shade to haunt its happiest hours,  
A coming foot to crush its flowers,  
The word which must be spoken.

Good-bye! sweet wish that springs  
From pain of those who sever;  
May God be with you! ah, there clings  
Around the flower the footstep wrings  
Its richest fragrance ever, S. E. G.



## THE TROUBLES OF A CHINAMAN.

BY JULES VERNE.

### CHAPTER XXI.—RESIGNATION OF OFFICE.

"NOW for the Tai-ping!" were Kin-Fo's first words on the following morning, after he and his fellow-adventurers had passed a night of well-earned repose. They were now upon Lao-Shen's field of action; it was the 30th of June; matters were at a crisis. Would Kin-Fo come out conqueror in the strife? Would he have the chance of negotiating for the restoration of his letter before

The arrival of the party on the previous evening in their singular costume had caused a great commotion in the little port of Foo-Ning. The objects of public curiosity, they had been followed by a crowd to the door of the inn, where the money that Craig and Fry had taken the precaution to put in their bag procured them clothes adapted for the present circumstances. Had they not been numerous sur-

rounded, they could hardly have failed to notice one Celestial in particular, who never left their track. Their surprise would have been considerable had they known that he was at watch all night at the inn door, and that in the morning he was still to be found on the same spot.

Consequently there were no suspicions in their mind when the man accosted them as they left the inn, and offered his services as a guide. He was about thirty years of age, with nothing in his appearance to indicate that he was otherwise than honest. Craig and Fry, however, cautious to the last, inquired whither he wished to guide them.

"To the Great Wall, of course," said he. "All visitors to Foo-Ning go to see the Great Wall, and as I know the country well, I thought you might accept my services to show you the way."

Kin-Fo interposed to inquire whether the country was safe for travelling. The guide assured him that it was perfectly secure.

"Do you know anything of a certain Lao-Shen hereabouts?" inquired Kin-Fo.

"O yes, Lao-Shen the Tai-ping," replied the guide; "but there is nothing to fear from him this side of the Wall; he will not venture to set foot on Imperial territory; he and his crew are only seen in the Mongolian provinces."

"Where was he seen last?" asked Kin-Fo.

"In the neighbourhood of the Tehin-Tang-Ho, only a few lis from the Wall."

"And how far is it from Foo-Ning to the Tehin-Tang-Ho?"

"About fifty lis."\*

\* About twenty-five miles.



THE CARAVAN.

Wang's ruthless agent should deal the fatal stab into his bosom?

The Americans interchanged significant glances, and re-echoed his words, "Now for the Tai-ping!"

"Very well; I engage you to conduct me to Lao-Shen's camp."

The man started.

"You shall be well paid," Kin-Fo added.

But the guide shook his head; he evidently did not care to pass the frontier.

"To the Great Wall," he said, "no farther. It would be at the risk of my life to go beyond."

Kin-Fo offered to pay him any sum that he pleased to demand, till at last he wrung from the man a reluctant consent to undertake the business.

Turning to the Americans, Kin-Fo told them that of course they were free to go or not, as they liked.

"Wherever you go," said Craig.

"We go also," said Fry.

The client of the Centenarian had not yet absolutely ceased to be of the value of 200,000 dollars.

The agents appeared to be perfectly well satisfied as to the trustworthiness of their guide, and to have no apprehension of the danger which was likely to threaten beyond the great barrier that the Chinese have erected to defend themselves from the incursions of the Mongolian hordes. Soon was not consulted as to whether he wished to accompany the party or not; go he must.

Preparations were made for starting. Neither horses, mules, nor carriages were to be procured in the little town, but there were a considerable number of camels used by Mongolian merchants. These adventurous traders travel in caravans between Peking and Kiachta with their huge flocks of long-tailed sheep, and thus keep up a communication between Asiatic Russia and the Celestial empire, never venturing, however, across the wide steppes, except in large and well-armed troops. They are described by M. de Beauvoir as "a fierce, proud people, who hold the Chinese in much contempt."

Five camels accordingly were purchased, together with the small quantity of harness necessary for their equipment. A stock of provisions and a supply of weapons were also procured, and the party started under the direction of their guide.

The preparations had consumed so much time that it was one o'clock in the afternoon before they were fairly on their road. The guide, however, made sure of reaching the Great Wall by midnight, where they would make a temporary camp, and if Kin-Fo still persisted in his determination, they would cross the frontier on the morrow.

The country about Foo-Ning was undulated, and the road, upon which the yellow dust rose in clouds, wound through richly-cultivated fields, a sign that the travellers had not yet quitted the productive territory of the Chinese empire.

The camels marched with a slow, measured tread, each carrying its rider comfortably ensconced between its two great humps. Soon greatly approved of this mode of travelling, and thought that in this

way he should not object to journey even to the world's end. The heat, however, was very great, the hot air being refracted from the soil and producing strange mirages like vast seas, which vanished



THE GREAT WALL.

almost as suddenly as they appeared, much to the satisfaction of Soon, to whom the prospect of another sea voyage opened visions of unmitigated horror.

Though the province was situated at the extreme limit of the empire, it was by no means deserted, the overflowing population extending even to the boundaries of the Asiatic desert. Numbers of men were working in the fields, and Tartar women, distinguished by their red and blue garments, were engaged in various agricultural pursuits. Flocks of yellow sheep, with long tails that might have filled poor Soon with envy, were grazing here and there. Black eagles hovered around, and woe to the unlucky ruminant that should stray and fall into their clutches; for these formidable birds of prey wage terrible war against all sheep, moufflons, and young antelopes, and are even used instead of hounds by the Kirghis of Central Asia.

Game started up from every quarter, and a gun need hardly have had a moment's rest; though a true sportsman would scarcely have looked with a favourable eye at the nets, snares, and other contri-

vances, worthy only of a poacher, with which the furrows between the wheat, millet, and maize were strewn.

On and on went Kin-Fo and his companions through the clouds of dust, stopping neither at shady spots nor at the isolated farms, nor at the villages which ever and anon could be distinguished in the distance by their memorial towers, erected to the memory of some hero of Buddhist legend. The camels marched, according to their wont, in single file, their steps falling in regular cadence to the sound of a little red bell attached to their neck.

No conversation was possible under the circumstances. The guide, who seemed to be of a taciturn nature, always took the foremost place, and although the dense masses of dust materially narrowed his range of vision, he never hesitated which way to follow, even at cross roads where there was no signpost. Craig and Fry, quite satisfied as to his honesty, were free to direct all their attention to Kin-Fo. Naturally, as the time grew shorter, their anxiety increased; now or never was the time to bring them face to face with the foe they dreaded.

Kin-Fo, meanwhile, was forgetting all the anxieties of the present and future in making a retrospect of the past. The unintermitted evil fortune of the last two months made him feel seriously depressed. From the day that his correspondent at San Francisco sent him the news of the loss of all his fortune, had he not passed through a period of ill-luck that was truly extraordinary? What a contrast between his existence of late and the time when he possessed advantages which he had not the sense to appreciate! Would misfortune terminate with his regaining possession of the letter? Should he at last have the tender care of the sweet La-oo to compensate him for his troubles, and make him forget the difficulties by which he had been beset? His thoughts bewildered him, and Wang, the philosopher and friend of his youth, was no longer present to comfort and advise him.

His reverie was suddenly interrupted by his camel coming so sharply in contact with that of the guide, that he was nearly thrown to the ground.

"What are you stopping for?" he asked.

"It is eight o'clock, sir," said the conductor, "and I propose that we halt and have our supper; we can continue our journey afterwards."

"But it will be dark, will it not?" objected Kin-Fo.

"There is no fear that I shall lose my way; the Great Wall is not more than twenty li ahead, and we had better give our animals some rest."

Kin-Fo assented to the proposal, and the whole party came to a halt. There was a small deserted hut by the side of the road, and a little stream where the camels might be watered. It was not dark, and Kin-Fo and his companions could see to spread their meal, which they afterwards ate with an excellent appetite.

Conversation did not flow rapidly. Two or three times Kin-Fo tried to get some information about Lao-Shen, but the guide generally shook his head, evidently desiring to avoid the subject. He merely repeated that Lao-Shen himself never came on this side of the Great Wall, although he added that some of his band occasionally made their appearance.

"Buddha protect us from the Tai-ping," he concluded.

Whilst the guide was speaking, Craig and Fry were

knitting their brows, looking at their watches, and holding a whispered consultation.

"Why should we not wait here quietly until to-morrow morning?" they asked, presently, aloud.

"In this hut!" exclaimed the guide. "Far better to be in the open country; we shall run much less risk of being surprised."

"It was arranged that we were to be at the Great Wall to-night," said Kin-Fo, "and at the Great Wall I mean to be."

His tone was such as to brook no contradiction, and the Americans could not do otherwise than submit. Soon, though half paralysed with fear, dared not protest.

It was now nearly nine o'clock; the meal was over, and the guide gave the signal to start. Kin-Fo prepared to mount his camel; Craig and Fry followed him.

"Are you quite determined, sir, to put yourself into Lao-Shen's hands?"

"Quite determined," said Kin-Fo; "I will have my letter at any price!"

"You are running a great risk," they pleaded, "in going to the Tai-ping's camp."

"I have come too far to retreat now," said Kin-Fo, with decision. "As I told you before, you may do as you please about following me."

The guide meantime had lighted a small pocket-lantern. The Americans drew near and again looked at their watches.

"It would be much more prudent to wait till to-morrow," they again persisted.

"Nonsense!" said Kin-Fo, "Lao-Shen will be just as dangerous to-morrow or the day after as he is to-day. My decision is unalterable. Let us be off at once."

The guide had overheard the latter part of the conversation. Once or twice previously, when Craig and Fry had been trying to dissuade Kin-Fo from proceeding, an expression of dissatisfaction had passed over his countenance, and now, when he found them persisting in their remonstrance, he could not restrain a gesture of annoyance.

The motion did not escape Kin-Fo, and he was still further surprised when the guide, as he was assisting him to mount his camel, whispered in his ear,

"Beware of those two men."

Kin-Fo was on the point of asking him to explain himself, but the man put his finger on his lips, gave the signal for starting, and the little caravan set off on its night journey across the country.

The guide's mysterious speech had aroused an uneasy suspicion in Kin-Fo's mind; and yet he could not believe that, after two months' devoted attention, his two protectors were about to play him false. Yet why had they tried to dissuade him from paying his visit to the Tai-ping's camp? Was it not for that very purpose that they had left Peking? Was it not to their interest that Kin-Fo should regain possession of the letter that compromised his life? Truly their conduct was inexplicable.

Kin-Fo kept to himself all the perplexity which was agitating his mind. He had taken up his position behind the guide; Craig and Fry followed him closely, and for a couple of hours the journey was continued in silence.

It was close upon midnight when the guide stopped and pointed to a long black line in the north that stood out clearly against the lighter background of

the sky. Behind the line several hill-tops had already caught the moonlight, although the moon herself was still below the horizon.

"The Great Wall!" he said.

"Shall we get beyond it to-night?" inquired Kin-Fo.

"Certainly, if you wish it."

"By all means, yes."

"I must first go and examine the passage," said the guide. "Wait here till I come back."

The camels were brought to a standstill, and the guide disappeared. Craig and Fry stepped up to Kin-Fo.

"Have you been satisfied with our services, sir, since we have been commissioned to attend you?" they inquired in a breath.

"Quite satisfied."

"Then will you be kind enough to sign this paper as a testimonial to our good conduct during the time you have been under our charge?"

Kin-Fo looked with some surprise at the leaf torn from the note-book that Craig was holding out to him.

"It is a certificate which we hope to have the pleasure of exhibiting to our principal," added Fry.

"Here is my back to serve you as a desk," said Craig, suiting the action to the word, and stooping down.

"And here is a pen and ink with which to sign your name," added Fry.

Kin-Fo smiled, and did as he was requested.

"But what is the meaning of all this ceremony at this time of night?" he asked.

"Because in a very few minutes your interest in the Centenarian Assurance Office will have expired," said Craig.

"And you may kill yourself, or allow yourself to be killed, just which you please," said Fry.

Kin-Fo stared with astonishment; the Americans were talking in the blandest of tones; but he did not at all comprehend their meaning. Presently the moon began to rise above the eastern horizon.

"There's the moon!" exclaimed Fry.

"To-day, the 30th of June, she rises at midnight," said Craig.

"Your policy has not been renewed," said Fry.

"Therefore you are no longer the client of the Centenarian," added Craig.

"Good-night, sir," said Fry politely.

"Good-night," echoed Craig, with equal courtesy.

And the two agents, turning their camels' heads in the opposite direction, disappeared from view, leaving Kin-Fo in speechless amazement.

The sound of their camels' hoofs had scarcely died away, when a troop of men, led on by the guide, seized upon Kin-Fo, helpless to defend himself, and captured Soon, who was rushing away in the hope of making his escape.

An instant afterwards, both master and man were dragged into the low chamber of one of the deserted bastions of the Great Wall, the door of which was at once fastened behind them.

## MUSIC IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

THERE are many references to the music found in ancient documents relating to St. Paul's. There was ample provision made for the support of those whose duty it was to attend to the celebration of the worship of praise in that place. There is a goodly list of honoured and honourable names of musicians who in later years have earned a place in history. All these things point to the conclusion that the metropolitan cathedral has been from the oldest time an "encourager of the goodly and gentle art of music."\*

Of the character of the music used in the period before the Reformation, of the manner of singing, and other matters, none but the scantiest records have reached us. There are, it is true, many particulars connected with the music or its performance which are interesting, but they are so chiefly from an antiquarian point of view. However tempting it may be to give extracts from the venerable records, it is proposed to refrain from all allusion to that part of the subject at present, further than to say that whatever value music possessed as an aid to devotion seemed to be fully held in view. As time grew on, and men's views suffered a change, the character of the music became altered, the composers and performers were something more than nameless items in the choir, those belonging to St. Paul's receiving due respect and admiration for their skill.

The history of music in St. Paul's becomes more

important as our knowledge concerning it becomes more definite. In the wholesale confiscation and destruction of property belonging to cathedrals and monasteries in the reign of King Henry VIII, St. Paul's suffered. Choir-singing was forbidden, the organ silenced and ordered to be removed, the books were seized and carried away or publicly burned.

In St. Paul's the work of the commissioners for the removal of images was done quietly, without irreverence, but, it may not be doubted, with much sorrow. In other places, "not only images, but wood-lofts, relics, sepulchres, books, banners, copes, vestments, altar-cloths, were in divers places committed to the fire, and that with much shouting and applause of the vulgar sort, as if it had been the sacking of some hostile city." For these reasons it is difficult to be able, at this distance of time, to tell anything with certainty concerning the character of the music done in St. Paul's in the old building. We know a little of the matter at this period. We know the names of some of the musicians then and during the latter part of Queen Elizabeth's reign from the few scattered remnants of their musical compositions left to us. The removal of those things in and about the cathedral, with which the people were wont to associate certain superstitious virtues, inspired feelings of a different kind. Contempt took the place of reverence as Puritanism became paramount. Up to this date all reference to the music in St. Paul's was of a general character. Now we begin to be afforded particular glimpses not only of the nature of the music sung, but also into the life, character, and works of

\* Whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the amount or the kind of music suitable to public worship, all (even the silent Friends) must be interested in this subject from its historical bearings.

those who took part in it. Musical pieces were multiplied by the printing-press. One of the first books containing settings of the canticles was published by John Day, 1560, "Imprinted at London, over Aldersgate, beneath St. Martyn's." It contains the music in four-part harmony, and the names of the composers—some of whom were connected with St. Paul's—are also given: Causton, Johnson, Oakland, Shepard, Taverner, and Tallis.

Thomas Tusser, a former chorister of St. Paul's, and the author of "Five Hundred Pointes of Good Husbandrie," tells us in his *Life* a few incidents by which we learn how chorister-boys were treated in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, both at Wallingford and at St. Paul's, under Redford, the organist, and from other writers of the period a great many facts might be quoted which would be in some sort interesting. The music used in the cathedral acquired a new character. The pre-eminent position occupied by the musicians at the time served to impart a value to the compositions of the period, both sacred and secular. The madrigals produced by the English musicians of Elizabeth's reign are acknowledged to be equal, if not superior, to those of any other more vaunted musical people. The excellence of this secular music is also to be found in the music intended for the service of the Church. At this time there was only little, if any, difference between the character of "sacred or prophane" music. The limited number of progressions then allowed in harmony produced a similarity—not to say a monotony—of style. At this distance of time it is difficult to tell by the construction of the music alone whether the madrigals or the anthems would not be equally expressive were an interchange of words to be made to the notes. This, however, is not a peculiarity confined to that particular date.

The composers certainly made the endeavour to introduce befitting expression, and although instances of this necessary union are rare, and sometimes only accidental, there is sufficient evidence of the attempt. It was not until later that distinct efforts were made by composers to impart a special character to music intended for use in the Church. Various reasons have been given to prove the motives in the minds of the writers; some affecting to show that a desire to foster the principles and practices of the Puritans may be traced in the construction of the music; that in the anthems the composers sought to preserve a certain amount of that character which is said to belong to it, and at the same time made concessions to the popular taste by the introduction of such harmonies and phrases as would remind the hearers of the psalm tunes which, in many churches, were sung "Geneva wise," "men, women, and children all singing together." While this practice of psalm-singing was adopted in many churches, and became, in time, strongly established, it does not appear that congregational singing in St. Paul's was ever encouraged. The psalms were sung by the people at Paul's Cross, but not in the building, the Dean strongly opposing any interference with the wonted custom within. The idlers and those who thronged the great aisles of the old church took only a passing interest in the musical service. The cathedral authorities concerned themselves chiefly with the enjoyment of their revenues, and made no attempt to attract the people to services of prayer and praise. The daily offices were duly and punctually celebrated. The composers, for the most part, wrote music to suit particular voices, and, by

this means, gratified both performer and listeners. It is said that, by "accident rather than by deliberate design, they produced works which are now counted among the masterpieces of their kind." In the very disregard of old rules, and in the indulgence of novel harmonies, they opened a new field for further exploration. This "licentiousness," as it was called, not unfrequently gave rise to the display of "the vilest taste in music, both as regards the compositions themselves, and the singers who performed them."

This "bitter reckoning" seems to be prompted by the spirit of the old Puritan writers, who inveigh against those who, "tossing the psalms from one side to the other," did not encourage the "people's joining with one voice in a plain tune."

In spite of misunderstanding, wilful or other, St. Paul's remained steadily and quietly working on in its accustomed groove, adding to and preserving the legacies of musical compositions written for the service of the Church. Not unmindful of the claims the sister cathedrals had to a share in the inheritance, she took the bold step of encouraging the printing of copies of some of her musical treasures.

This was the first printed collection of music for the service. It was made by John Barnard, minor canon of St. Paul's, in 1641. So well was it used, or abused, throughout the land, that no perfect copy of it is known to exist.

The first collection of words of anthems was also made by another minor canon, the Rev. James Clifford, some twenty years later, "Divine Services and Anthems usually sung in the Cathedrals and Collegiate Choirs in the Church of England. London, 1663."

In the interval between the publication of the two books St. Paul's suffered many changes. The nave was turned into a cavalry barracks for the soldiers of the Parliament; the choir, bricked off from the rest of the church, was made a "preaching place," the entrance to which was by a window broken down into a door at the north-east angle of the church, close behind the old Paul's Cross. Dr. Cornelius Burgess, "the anti-dean," as he was called, had an assignment of four hundred pounds "by the year" out of the revenues as a reward for his sermons, which were too often made up of invective against deans, chapters, and singing-men, against whom he seems to have had a great enmity. The Corinthian portico, designed by Inigo Jones, at the western end, was leased to a man who called it "Paul's Change," and let it out in small shops to haberdashers, glovers, milliners, and other petty tradesmen.

Scenes of riot both within and without the cathedral disturbed the serenity of the place, and were only suppressed by a stern authority. It was at one time actually proposed to sell the church to the Jews that they might make it a central synagogue, so little interest was there in St. Paul's as a Christian place of worship. This may only have been one of Oliver Cromwell's grim jokes.

After the Restoration, and when a new order of things arose, as soon as the new cathedral was ready for use, the musical part of the daily service was resumed upon lines similar to those which guided its conduct in the early part of the reign of the first Charles, with a few additions and improvements, and perhaps a few omissions. The reopening of the cathedral on December 2nd, 1697, thirty-one years after the fire, and twenty-two after the first stone was laid, was celebrated by a

magnificent service, in which, for the first time, the choirs of the Chapel Royal, of Windsor, and Westminster united to give praise to God. The service was also a national thanksgiving for the peace of Ryswick. It was not until nine years later that the cathedral was finally finished, but frequent services upon a scale hitherto unattempted were celebrated from time to time in commemoration of victories and other national advantages. There are prints extant depicting the visits of Queen Anne to the cathedral, in some of which may be seen the choir-singers greater in number than those employed in the ordinary service, together with a band of instrumentalists in the organ loft.

For these services the musicians of the time furnished music which even now is heard in one cathedral or another throughout the length and breadth of the land. By degrees the cathedral was used for other ceremonies than those of thanksgiving for peace, or to commemorate the success of the queen's arms against the enemy abroad. At these services as large a choir as could be conveniently gathered, together with a body of instrumentalists and the organ, united to bring due honour to the occasion. The traditions thus established were religiously observed for a long time after.

At the Festival of the Sons of the Clergy from the year 1709 to about the year 1842, a full band and choir was heard annually in the cathedral; the band was supplied in the latter half of the period above named by the Royal Society of Musicians, every member of that body being bound to be present or to find a substitute. The choir was generally composed of the members of the best London choirs, with a little assistance from the cathedrals and colleges within a radius of sixty miles of the metropolis. For the accommodation of the chorus and band, a raised platform was built under the organ at the entrance to the choir. This was the custom so long as the organ remained in that place, even after the services of the band were discontinued and a larger body of voices engaged for the occasion. Purcell's "Te Deum" was at first given at these meetings, until the "Dettingen Te Deum" of Handel was selected to occupy the place in the service which the music of Purcell had filled for a period of thirty-three years. The performance of the "Dettingen Te Deum" grew to be one of the institutions of the year's music. It was first given in St. Paul's in the year 1744, a few months after the first performance at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, and for more than one hundred years was annually performed in the cathedral. So strong was its hold over the popular mind that, even after the band ceased to assist at the annual service, the "Te Deum" was given in deference to a generally expressed wish, the accompaniments being played upon the organ with the addition of trumpets and drums. For many years the drums which were used at St. Paul's were those which were taken from the enemy at the battle of Dettingen. When, for the purposes of the special evening services, the large organ built for the Panopticon, an exhibition and establishment intended to rival the Polytechnic, was placed upon an ugly and incongruous screen over the south porch, the choir gallery was built under this organ. This gallery being used every Sunday, was not moved as was the other scaffolding erected for the Charity Children. The first of these interesting festivals was held in 1704, in the Church of St. Andrew's, Holborn; the next year the children assembled at St. Sepulchre's, where they

continued to meet until the year 1738; after this the annual service took place at Christ Church, Newgate Street, for sixty-three years. In 1801 the meeting took place in St. Paul's Cathedral, and, with the exception of a lapse of one year in 1860, when the cathedral was under repair, they have continued to meet there since. The idea of holding the meetings in the cathedral seems to have been suggested by the service of thanksgiving for the restoration to health of George III in 1789, on which occasion the children took part in the service. Joseph Haydn, when on a visit to London, was present at one of the services, and has recorded in his memorandum-book, preserved in the library of the Conservatoire at Vienna, his impressions on that occasion. Fétis, the famous Belgian critic, was deeply affected by the unison singing of the children, and Berlioz, the French composer, when he heard the service in 1851, declared that the reality exceeded all that the imagination had conjured up.

A few years later, and the authorities of the cathedral began to look coldly upon the meeting, and to disregard the sentimental impressions which might be awakened by its continuance. Perhaps by the time these words are in print the fiat may have gone forth, and the meeting of the Charity Children of St. Paul's will have become a matter of history. Whether there is any ground for regret in this matter we may not pause to inquire.

The present desire seems to be to make the services at St. Paul's altogether disconnected with the traditions of the past, and so to conduct them that they may form a pattern for the present and for the future. Men have grown tolerant, if not apathetic, with regard to observances and the omission of customs which would in former days have been considered as an infringement of certain privileges real or supposed.

Few people who know St. Paul's Cathedral of the present day, and who judge from the apparent solidity of the order and regularity with which the services are conducted, and the provision made for the accommodation of all who attend the ministrations, would ever imagine that this decency and discipline they observe and admire are only matters of recent introduction. At no very distant date the arrangements were altogether different. Without in this place imputing carelessness or apathy to the ruling spirits of the time past, or blaming them for not having effected desired reforms sooner, it must be said that they accepted or refrained from interfering with a state of things which was not at all creditable to a metropolitan cathedral. They allowed many things to go on without seeking to make great sweeping alterations, simply because custom warranted the use. The time had not come for change, the minds of the people were neither aroused to nor were they prepared to admit the necessity of movements which would then have seemed revolutionary. They had not yet realised the fact that the cathedrals were their own property, that the officials were simply trustees, and that they had a right to enjoy that privilege which seemed to be permitted on sufferance and with annoying restrictions. Only one-third of a century ago St. Paul's Cathedral was seriously regarded by a large section of the public as the property of the officials. This opinion was in some degree confirmed by the fact that no one was permitted to enter the building without payment, excepting during the time of service.

which was shortened as much as possible. The congregation was literally turned out at the conclusion by the vergers, except those who submitted to pay the customary twopence for permission to remain, which tax was collected at the north door, at that time the only used entrance to the cathedral, all the others being closed to the public. A passage from this north door to the choir was fortified by barriers, beyond which none were allowed to stray without payment. No attempt was made to warm the church, and pools of condensed vapour flowed at the bases of the pillars and walls. In winter time the church was lighted by means of candles, the greater number of which were in the choir, the outside approaches being illuminated by means of two or three wax-lights in the brass chandeliers, which even in the present day remain suspended from the roof. The service was held in the choir, which was then enclosed, the organ being placed on the screen which now stands by the north door. Outside the choir were the statues of Nelson and Cornwallis, on the site occupied by which the present choir stalls are built. The pulpit was in the choir near the east end; the seats for the choristers about half-way down the choir. As many of the six vicars-choral who chose to attend, either in person or by deputy, sat in the stalls with the minor canons. The members of the choir were not remarkable for regularity of attendance. There was always a full complement of the boys, whose number was twelve. The minor canons not only intoned the service in their turns, but also sang in the Canticles and Anthems. Skill in music was one of the qualifications for which they were selected to fill their offices.

Then were frequently heard the fervent and devotional musical thoughts set by the old writers in harmony with their own interpretation of the Divine words they had chosen—the touching and expressive music set to sacred words by such writers, who were prompted to do their work by true religious feeling: such men were Purcell, Humphries, Weldon, Wise, Clarke, Greene, Boyce, Battishill, Attwood, and Goss—most, if not all, of which are now banished from the Church, less perhaps for their “unfitness” for use in the service on account of their containing solos or verses, than because the old traditional method of performing them has died out, vocalists in cathedrals of the present day having been trained to do scarcely anything else than to take part in a chorus. The increased area opened at St. Paul's renders it necessary that all the music employed should be massive and full, such as would impress the hearer with an idea of the dignity of the service as now conducted. The delicacies of the old anthems and services would perhaps not be appreciated by the numbers which now flock to the church, even if voices could be found to interpret them. It is therefore, perhaps, over-sentimental to regret the past days when the service was held in the choir and took the form of what is now contemptuously styled “chamber worship” in the cathedral. The effect of the service in the restricted area was solemn, and appealed to men's hearts most closely; but it was inconsistent with the growing spirit of the times—a preference for large proportions.

The first attempt to utilise the whole area of the cathedral for the purposes of congregational services was made shortly after the funeral of the Duke of Wellington in 1852.

Before that time no adequate means of lighting

the building for evening services existed. The great circle of gas jets beneath the whispering gallery, “the graceful coronal of light which encircles the dome,” was put up for the occasion alluded to, and this, with additional semicircles of lights round what are called the quarter domes, helped to illuminate the vast area, and to make it available for the purposes of attracting large congregations. A series of Advent Services was commenced, at which a more elaborate musical service was attempted than anything which had been done, excepting upon such red-letter days as the Festivals of the Sons of the Clergy, the gathering of the Charity Children, the annual service in aid of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and such rare occasions as the visits of the royal family, to offer up “thanksgivings for late mercies vouchsafed to them.”

Most foreigners, when they pay a visit to London, like to see St. Paul's and note the simple, yet magnificent, proportions of its structure. Those that were musical until lately always declined to wait for the service, as they had heard that the music was always badly performed. Now the musical and intelligent foreigner endeavours to include the hour of service in the period of his visit, for the performance is equal with, if not superior to, the best that can be heard on the Continent at any place and at any time during the celebration of Divine Service. It is only within the last few years that this has been the case. The character of the service now is more consonant with the general pattern followed on the Continent, so that the stranger is enabled to understand and to follow the musical portion of the service better than heretofore. The number of the services has been increased, so that now there are almost as many each day as in the old building. Various societies and guilds hold their annual festivals in the cathedral, and the ordinary course of the service has been altered, if not improved. Among the many additions, which some condemn as innovations and others hail as improvements, may be mentioned several.

The annual performance of Bach's “*Passions-Musik*” on the Tuesday in the week before Easter, which is sung by a large body of voices, accompanied by a band of instrumentalists, including the organ and a pianoforte for the recitatives. The services in commemoration of the opening of the cathedral, and that on the anniversary of the Fire of London, and one or two other days, have long been discontinued. At these services, singularly enough, the members of the choir were not expected to be present. All through Passion Week the choir was silent. Now there is no lapse in the regularity of the services during this week. In addition to the special commemoration above mentioned, the daily choral service is celebrated, but without organ. The use of the organ is also dispensed with on each Friday during the year, except it be a saint's day or the eve of a festival. Each Thursday afternoon the service is sung by the men alone, the boys having that time for rest. During Lent and Advent the Benedicite is chanted, a practice which doubtless has some meaning. On one evening during Advent Spohr's oratorio, “*The Last Judgment*,” is now sung by the choir to the accompaniment of the organ. A grand service is also held on St. Paul's Day, January 25th, on which occasion a portion of Mendelssohn's oratorio, “*St. Paul*,” is performed with a band and chorus, and the band is restored to the Festival of the Sons of the Clergy.

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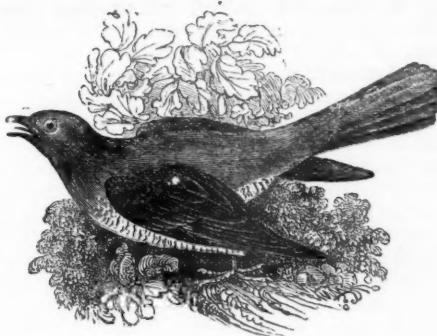
At the ordinary service on Sundays the Communion is celebrated with as much music as will be legally allowed. The "Choral Communion," as it is called, was sung in the building for the first time in 1870, upon the occasion of the consecration of the Bishops of Sierra Leone and the Mauritius. It may be mentioned that the number of the children of the choir is augmented to about thirty. These are educated and lodged in a convenient building erected especially for their accommodation, and a staff of masters is engaged to teach them such things as are needful for them to know.

Every possible encouragement is given to the members of the cathedral having no statutable position. The old corporations of the church, the minor canons, the vicars-choral, the vergers, bellringers, and others, are being gradually weakened, probably with a view to their ultimate extinction. All things are being changed. The anthems and services of our cathedrals in former times were modelled after a fashion peculiarly English, and utterly unlike anything employed abroad for the purposes of worship. In making the alterations in the music at St. Paul's it was found necessary to shelve those works by English cathedral writers which for generations had been associated with the service of the Church, probably because it may have been thought to be advisable to remove all those matters which interfered with the desire to make the order of the service and the character of the music employed therein of a kind similar to that adopted by other Christian communities which Englishmen hear in foreign cities. So that, in fact, the stranger from afar might feel himself perfectly at home upon entering the building. Thus St. Paul's has been made cosmopolitan in addition to being metropolitan.

Of course, there are many who regret the removal of those features which gave the service a distinguishing tone, and maintained a system of celebrating it which had the advantage of preserving an individuality altogether English. There is no doubt that many abuses arose out of the system which formerly existed. Changes could only be effected by the introduction of strong measures. No one will think the measure weak which swept away almost everything belonging to the old order of things. No one will think that there was any sentimentality in consigning the old works, and the books which contained them, to the lumber-room. All that was old was deemed to be bad; everything must be new, even if it do not prove to be good. A radical change was considered necessary. The order of the service, the manner of singing, the character of the music sung, all became altered. The tares were uprooted, it is true, but it is just possible that a goodly part of the wheat went also. We are not, however, here discussing the propriety or impropriety of the changes, but only giving a historical record of them. It will be enough to add that the attempt made by the authorities to popularise the services has been rewarded with all the success it deserves. On most occasions of a public kind the church is crowded, and large numbers attend at the ordinary services.\*

\* In contrast to the present state of things, a friend tells us that in his own recollection the early morning services were only attended by two or three aged dependents on the charity of the Dean and Chapter. It must not be supposed that the music has made all the difference. In those days, when men like Dale, Melville, and Champneys occupied the pulpit, the preaching attracted large audiences; and there are now seats for larger numbers, under the dome and in the nave.

## AN INCIDENT OF BIRD-LIFE.



PEOPLE who take an interest in stories of bird-life may remember a curious controversy as to how the cuckoo's egg gets into the nest of the small bird in which it is usually deposited.

From the position of many of the nests in which cuckoo's eggs have been found it seems pretty evident that the female cuckoo cannot have laid her egg in the nest, but, the egg being laid in some other place, must have been conveyed by the bird to the nest. How, without injuring or utterly destroying it, could a cuckoo carry her egg, and did she employ bill or feet? has been asked by many people.

The following occurrence which I witnessed will explain how at least one cuckoo's egg was conveyed to the nest. In the month of June, 1867, I spent a few weeks at Farnham Royal, Buckinghamshire. Farnham Royal, which lies about four miles from Windsor, at that time consisted of a few scattered cottages, in the near vicinity of the well-known Burnham Beeches; and between the Beeches and the picturesque hamlet (by the way, a favourite haunt of landscape painters) lies a stretch of scrubby, heathy common, through which several paths led in different directions. At the time of which I write, this beautiful common was the resort of large numbers of small birds, which, to judge by the numbers, evidently found the nesting capabilities of the place satisfactory.

Sauntering along the edge of the common one bright sunny morning, I stepped aside to have a look at a stonechat's nest which I had discovered three days previously, when it contained but one egg. This nest was placed in a thick plant of heath, about ten or twelve inches from the ground, well concealed by the heather, except one little open space through which the bird passed to and from her nest, and through this open space the nest and its contents were visible. On my approach the hen bird flew off the nest, and I observed that four eggs were deposited. I continued my walk a little beyond the common to a small hamlet well known among artists for its picturesque old women and donkeys, and, within an hour, again approached the spot where the stonechat's nest was. When I came in sight of it I observed two cuckoos flying about in a most peculiar manner, and one of them uttering peculiar sounds. Both of them seemed to be in a wild state of excitement, and my first impression was that they might have a young bird in some nest near by, and that danger threatened it in the shape of a stoat, weazel, or prowling cat; but cautiously approaching

nearer them, I found that they were being *mobbed* by the two little stonechats. Sometimes both cuckoos would skim rapidly close by the nest, the stonechats darting at them open-beaked, and uttering piteous cries the while; again they would fly off rapidly to the edge of a wood at a little distance, pursued by the male stonechat, the female always hovering near her nest, and occasionally alighting on a bush close to it.

Could it be possible that the cuckoo had deposited her egg in the stonechat nest, and was this the manner in which the owners expressed their resentment at the intrusion? Taking advantage of a longer flight to the wood than had yet been made, I ran towards the nest, and saw at a glance that it contained the four stonechat eggs, and no more, and in a few moments I was ensconced among some very long heather at a short distance from the spot, but quite near enough to be able to observe all that might happen. Presently back came the cuckoos, the one which I took to be the male (on account of the slightly richer colour of the plumage) "cuckooing" in a wonderful manner, uttering the note much more rapidly than is usual, and the female swooped down very close to the nest, paused for a moment in her flight, and, being vigorously attacked by the stonechats, glided past; but I saw that her beak was partially open, as though she carried something within her gape. Evidently her object was to reach the nest, and it was truly marvellous to behold the determination and courage of the two little mites of birds in their efforts to prevent her reaching it. Very skilful, too, were the tactics of the male cuckoo. He would make a sudden rush towards the nest, would be attacked fiercely by the stonechats, and flutter away in a lame sort of way, uttering strange cries, quite unlike his usual musical note. All this most plainly meant to decoy the little creatures from their nest in order to give his mate a chance of attaining to it. But his devices only succeeded as regarded the male stonechat, who would sometimes pursue the enemy to a little distance and then dart back to the assistance of his mate, who seemed quite to understand that steady defence of the position was her true policy. Occasionally both cuckoos would swoop down towards the nest; again they would fly off to the wood and disappear for a short time, but only to return to the charge with renewed vigour and subtlety of purpose, and to be received with angry cries and fierce peckings. Once or twice the female cuckoo alighted on the ground at a short distance, while her mate continued skirmishing. Possibly she was watching her opportunity, but more probably she was gaining breathing time. It would be difficult to describe in mere words the wonderfully graceful action of both male birds during their aerial encounters, and, indeed the flight of the cuckoo at times much resembled that of a small falcon.

It was about half-past ten o'clock when I had first come on the scene of action, and I watched till the forenoon was well-nigh past. During this time I am quite sure the stonechats had neither food nor drink, there being no water in the immediate vicinity. The female showed evident signs of exhaustion, her flight grew feebler, and when she lit on a twig near her nest her little wings drooped, and she seemed to pant for breath. It did seem hard that she should have the privacy and retirement of her own house invaded by what she seemed to consider an unwelcome intruder, and I was meditating on the expe-

diency of scaring the cuckoos away, when the female flew up quietly and came down on the ground very near the nest, but on the farther side of the heather clump in which it was placed. At the same time the male cuckoo made a hasty swoop towards the nest, was driven off by the stonechats, and while they were thus engaged the female cuckoo, with rapid action, darted forward, alighted on the heather, thrust her head and neck through the small opening into the nest, in an instant withdrew and soared aloft, uttering for the first time a cry, not "Cuckoo, cuckoo!" but a gurgling, water-bubble kind of note. Her mate immediately joined her, and the two soared away to the wood, he joining in the shout of triumph with fond "Cuckoos!"

In a few moments I had run forward to the nest, and, behold! lying beside the four pretty little stonechat's eggs was a beautifully-marked cuckoo's egg, still wet with the saliva of the mother-bird.

The stonechats reared their young in peace and safety, but that cuckoo's egg lies before me as I write, and the sight of it recalls one of the most interesting episodes I ever met in bird-life.\*

J. FRASER.

\* The mode by which the cuckoo contrives to deposit her eggs in the nest of sundry birds was (says the Rev. J. G. Wood, in his "Natural History") extremely dubious, until a key was found to the problem by a chance discovery made by Le Vaillant. He had shot a female cuckoo, and on opening its mouth in order to stuff it with tow, he found an egg lodged very snugly within the throat. The observation of our correspondent affords confirmation of Le Vaillant's theory.

## Varieties.

MIGRATION OF SWALLOWS.—I saw this migration in the upper waters of the Nile. For three days they filled the air, coming from the tropics. When first I saw them they looked like a heavy cloud, which on nearer approach resolved itself into birds. Had one fired into the mass hundreds might have been killed at a shot. There were breaks in the swarm. One would pass, but soon after another would come, until the numbers got fewer. They kept in very compact masses, and there were very few stragglers.—H.

PLAGUE OF FLIES.—I once witnessed a swarm of flies which filled the air; it was almost impossible to breathe or see because of them. At every step one crushed scores of them. I heard from a friend six miles away that he had met them the same day, and I had to walk half a mile across their line of flight in order to escape them. They much resembled large mosquitos or gnats. This occurred in Sherwood Forest, Notts, and after their flight it was found that all the turnips were ruined. The weather had been very hot, and no rain for some time. This was in 1868.—H.

QUARRELSDOGS.—In 1866 I was staying at Beddgelert, North Wales, and had with me a dog (water spaniel) of large breed; the clergyman had a black retriever. Between his dog and mine a settled feud raged. They never met but they fought. One morning at breakfast I heard a great noise of dogs quarrelling; my dog, who always breakfasted with me, heard it also, and was wildly anxious to get out. I opened the window and looked out. I found the clergyman's dog engaged in fierce fight with a large bull mastiff which belonged to the village carrier, and this dog was the terror of the whole village and hated by all. The black retriever was certainly getting the worst of it. I went out; my dog flew in front, and though he hated the black dog, he evidently hated the other more, for he flew upon him, fastened himself on his tail, and hung on. The village crowd could not but laugh, for this unexpected ally so hampered the mastiff that he left his hold, and then freeing himself from my dog, leapt. The two remaining dogs looked at each other in silence, and seemed very good friends, but before we got to our respective homes they again began their quarrel. They only agreed on one point, and that was hatred of the carrier's dog. We tested this once again, and with the same results.—H.

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